which afterwards became Delhi, and signalised it by the first performance here of the Aswa-medha, or horse sacrifice. All the royalties of India attended, and kings became scullions and princes were porters at the festival.

The last Pandu prince was Prithiraj, whose life was one succession of feats of arms and gallantry. There are many of the world's love-stories which will never fade away, albeit we are told that the men and women of to-day no longer feel deeply, that a *grande passion* is a thing of the past. Still, no one made of flesh and blood can approach the Indian Campanile without a tribute of memory to those immortal lovers who once lived there : to Prithiraj, soldier and poet ; to Sunjogta, fairest of women and profoundest of philosophers.

Her father was the Rahtore King of Canouj. He had an army of eighty thousand men In armour, thirty thousand horse, covered with quilted mail, three hundred thousand Infantry, two hundred thousand bowman with battleaxes ; besides a cloud of

elephants bear-
Ing warriors. He had made eight kings of
the north prisoners, and had divine honours
paid to him in the " Soonair " rites. Again,

ii9

every